

Horny jock fantasizes about emo stepbrother! XXX **scheduled for deletion**

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by [raventia](#)

Summary

The ceramics incident from Ivan's POV.

Ivan really was enough of an idiot to wear gray sweatpants knowing he shared a class with Till. And it's anything but subtle, the fabric visibly tenting when his beloved, adorable, yet undeniably stupid Till finally, *finally* stops talking.

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Distantly, Ivan thinks that he should invest in a cup — or what actors wear during intimate scenes to contain their erections. It was foolish of him not to consider this option sooner. It would have made puberty much easier. He'll only allow himself two secretive glances at Till during dinner tonight, not his usual three, because he's been stupid and deserves to be punished.

Notes

recommended that you read the first fic in this series before this.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Ceramics with Till can go one of two ways, Ivan has found.

The first – and most common – is that Till will show up in a poor mood with smeared makeup, pulling up his hood to hide his airpods and glaring at Ivan if he asks him what's wrong.

On those days, Ivan will poke and prod where it hurts until Till gives in and says what's bothering him – *this stupid guy made a shitty comment about me, okay? It's not a big deal, so don't be a freak about it* – and Ivan will do the exact opposite and be a complete freak about it. Other people haven't studied Till's limits the way he has, both emotional and physical, so there's a chance someone could actually hurt him, which is unacceptable.

(Usually, this involves texting a few friends, finding the name of whoever made Till cry, and ensuring they reconsider hurting him again. Yes, Till is capable of defending himself, but he's more fragile than he seems, and hurting him ultimately means hurting Ivan as well).

Today, though, Till is behaving strangely. This isn't normally cause for alarm – Till is unpredictable by nature, but Ivan's never seen him so... tetchy without provocation. He can't quite put his finger on it, so he studies Till out of the corner of his eye while he pretends to work on his project.

Ivan has learned that it's better to wait Till out sometimes. Till wears his heart on his sleeve, and he's never able to hide anything for long, especially when Ivan pretends like he doesn't care.

Is it manipulative? Yes, undoubtedly. Does Ivan feel guilty? Not in the slightest.

"Why are your eyelashes so fucking long?" Till blurts suddenly, as if the thought has been bothering him all day and finally exploded out. Ivan has no time to process the question before Till blushes and ducks his head. "Don't answer that. I don't care."

Ivan watches in amusement as Till glares down at his untouched clay. It's endearing how fast he can go from aggressive to defensive. Like a scared, posturing cat, running away with its tail tucked between its legs at the first sign of real danger.

He turns back to his own project – a cup, or something that vaguely resembles one. The teacher praises him for it despite its glaring imperfections. Ivan knows it's wholly undeserved, but he doesn't mind accepting it anyway, mainly because it makes Till angry.

"Genetics, I suppose," Ivan replies, sticking his tongue out in concentration while he tries to attach a handle to his project.

It's not cooperating, not like it would for Till, and Ivan can't help but feel a little envious of his talent and skill.

Ivan hears Till shift in his seat. All of his senses have been honed and attuned solely to Till, so he doesn't miss the discomfort in his body language. Strange, but Ivan decides not to

comment. With a patience borne from years of experience, he pretends to be engrossed in his project.

Alas, Till doesn't take the bait this time. And so Ivan must prod him.

"What do you think of it so far, Till?" Ivan asks, glancing up with what he hopes to be a perfectly neutral expression. He doesn't deserve Till's praise, but he'd like to hear it one day nonetheless.

Till stares at the misshapen cup with open, honest disgust. He's on the precipice of saying something horrible and mean – Ivan is salivating like a dog at the prospect of Till insulting him – but whatever it was dies on his tongue. Instead, he shrugs, very obviously trying to appear casual.

"I think you might pass." They both watch the clay handle wilt downward, as if on cue. "Maybe."

It's impossible to tell whether that's an encouragement or an insult. With Till, it could be either. Both are equally good. He's unbearably, stupidly cute. So dishonest with his own emotions that even he doesn't know what he means.

Ivan watches him adjust his arm warmers, and he briefly fantasizes about the fabric chafing his cock while Till jerks him off.

Ivan frowns. "I imagined getting my first D in college." He didn't, actually, because bad grades are unacceptable and will ruin his twenty-year plan. "Do you think I should try and make something more abstract? It might be harder to critique."

Suddenly, Ivan has earned a real smile from Till. It's most likely from *schadenfreude*, but Ivan will take what he can get.

"It's not a fucking painting, Ivan." A rare, genuine laugh bubbles up in Till's words, and he's entirely unaware of what it's doing to Ivan's heart. Bless him. "You can't make it expressionistic."

Thankfully, the art teacher scolds Till for swearing again, giving Ivan a chance to try and convince his heart to return to its usual sinus rhythm.

"Using cubism on a physical medium sounds plausible to me," Ivan says, very normally. He wants to feel that laugh against his skin, warm and moist and *Till*. "Couldn't I just make a square cup?"

Ivan only realizes he's said one of the stupidest things anyone has ever uttered when Till doesn't even react or immediately insult him.

"You're so fucking stupid," Till says at last, point-blank. "That's not what cubism means."

Ivan does know that, but it's hard to think intelligently when the reason for your existence is being so irresistible and indulgent. To distract himself, he focuses on shaping his clay to have four sides. "I was under the assumption that abstract art is up to interpretation."

“Oh yeah?” Till huffs, so combative. And for what? To make Ivan’s dick hard? In that case, he’s succeeding. “And what is a square cup supposed to represent? Other than being a fucking nightmare every time someone tries to drink out of it.”

Io would still appreciate it as a gift, Ivan thinks, because she is far kinder to him than he deserves.

“You’re overthinking it, Till.” Ivan’s clumsy hands struggle to create a lopsided prism with the clay. And then, because he genuinely can’t help himself, “Sometimes art exists simply to make people feel something. In your case, the absurdity of my square cup evokes anger and envy.”

Till rolls his eyes, completely unaware that he’s smiling. “You’re so full of shit.”

Ivan finally allows himself a glance. It doesn’t feel real that he gets to see Till smile for free. “You’re awfully critical for someone who hasn’t started his own project yet.”

Till huffs, crossing his arms as he leans back in his chair. He always runs cold, and Ivan wishes it was socially acceptable to offer Till his jacket. Not that Till would accept it, but the thought is nice. Normal teenagers, high school sweethearts, Till in his varsity jacket. A man can dream.

“Unlike you, I don’t need to brute force my way into mediocrity.”

Ivan can’t help but laugh at the absurdity of that statement. Sure, Till is brilliant, amazing, and gifted at almost everything that involves a brush or instrument, but he also struggles with basic sixth grade math. “Your algebra grade would beg to differ, but I’ll let it go for now.”

Till goes quiet. Ivan doesn’t think he said anything particularly strange, so he assumes Till is simply fed up with the conversation. Foolish of him not to analyze it more.

Perhaps it would have made the next five minutes less excruciating if Ivan had been given even a small warning that Till would suddenly grab his face, squishing his cheeks painfully tight, and part his beautiful pink lips to wet the pad of his thumb with his saliva.

It happens too fast for Ivan to comprehend. One moment, they’re bantering like usual, and the next, Till’s wet, dripping finger is on his temple, smearing saliva across Ivan’s eyebrow, possibly to wipe away a streak of clay.

Strange. Ivan is normally very careful with his appearance. People are easier to manipulate when he seems untouchable and without fault. If he’d known the secret to being slathered with Till’s saliva was to make a mess of himself, then he would have done this sooner.

Ivan stops breathing. Genuinely.

Till scrubs harder. His face is close, his breath warm, and Ivan can’t move. Till is so, so achingly beautiful.

Not polished, not intentional, but careless and raw, like a rough sketch drawn in confident, messy strokes. At first glance, the beholder would think Till is female; his features are

undeniably feminine, from his small, upturned nose, to his full cheeks, and down to his tempting, pink lips. His long lashes flutter when he blinks, emphasizing his tired, keen gaze.

But his femininity is betrayed by the sharp, slim cut of his jaw and the fierceness in his teal eyes. No one in the world compares to Till.

There are people watching. Ivan is aware of that, faintly. The entire class is silent, but none of that matters, because Till is touching him. Wiping his face like a hopelessly endeared lover, except Till is very focused on his task, and he almost looks a little scary.

Ivan wants to taste him. Wants to part his lips and take Till's thumb in his mouth, wet with his saliva.

Then, just as abruptly, Till realizes what he's doing. His eyes widen, and his whole body tenses up. Ivan watches the exact moment panic sets in, watches Till turn a bright, unhealthy red. Ivan would comfort him, but he still hasn't managed the strength to breathe. His ears are ringing.

"T-There," Till wheezes. And then he pats Ivan's head in a way that makes his dick and balls *ache* with need. "All clean."

All clean, Till says. He's so cute. He's so, so cute and stupid. Ivan's brain is failing him. It might be lack of oxygen, or perhaps he's simply overdosed on Till. Either way, it seems like he'll be dying a sudden, spontaneous death like the rest of his family. How sad. Ivan really would have liked to see Till naked at least once, even accidentally.

Ivan has no witty remark, no clever way to turn this into a joke. He just sits there, mouth hanging open, processing. He can feel the cold air on the part of his face that's wet with saliva.

Till is staring at him almost desperately, eyebrows raised, like he's begging Ivan to fix this.

Unfortunately, Ivan is currently mentally filing the image of Till's expression away for later review, most likely at night when no one is awake. Ivan will try to find a porno where someone makes a face like this, but it'll be a fruitless endeavor; who could possibly compare to Till, his useless, adorable, perfect younger stepbrother?

Till is having a full meltdown, blurting, "N-Nothing like a pair of siblings bonding in ceramics class, right?"

The horror of that statement should be enough to snap Ivan back to reality, but it doesn't, and he's not sure he'll ever recover from this. He's still buffering, still stuck on the feeling of Till's spit drying on his skin.

But Ivan has to try at least for Till's sake, so he forces himself to speak. "Thank you, Till." His voice is empty and robotic, cock rapidly stiffening in his pants. "I'm grateful for your saliva."

Till looks at him like he wants to die. Ivan can't really blame him. That wasn't his best work, but understandable given the circumstances.

If Ivan wasn't suffering a critical system error, he'd notice the horrible situation Till has put them both in. The suffocating silence. That girl from economics last year staring at them, mouth open. The teacher peering at them over her glasses, which are truthfully an unflattering shade of red and age her quite a bit.

Somehow, Ivan manages to convince his mouth to work, but there really isn't any intelligent thought happening here. "That was very helpful."

Till looks like he's on the verge of passing out. He's sweating a lot, and Ivan longs to lap his perspiration up like a dog.

To be honest, Ivan isn't faring much better. A curious and furtive look down informs him that he wore gray sweatpants today, because he apparently doesn't have any self-preservation instincts. It wasn't the best decision he's ever made. You'd think Ivan would have learned the dangers of fleece by now after thousands of Till-induced boners in public.

"Right. You're welcome. T-That's what family is for. To, uh, clean each other's faces when there's... stuff." Till visibly winces, but Ivan has no idea why, because he doesn't have the same brain rot that makes Ivan imagine his cum on Till's face when he says vague words like 'stuff.'

Ah. And just like that, Ivan is fully hard and throbbing. He's had enough Till-induced erections in life to know which can be talked down and which will remain hard until he relieves his aching balls. And this, unfortunately, is the latter, and it's impossible to hide.

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After an eternity, Ivan's brain begins working again. He blinks and watches Till's eyes light up, like he's thankful his socially adept older brother is finally going to save him. It's one of the cutest things Ivan has ever seen.

Regrettably, Ivan is not a good older brother, because he's wanted Till for as long as he can remember. He would love to be Till's savior, but it's simply not possible in this instance.

Till will notice his erection any moment now, and Ivan has had vivid nightmares of Till and Io's shared disgust when they realize what Ivan truly is and has always been: the depraved interloper who has tainted what would have otherwise been seven years of happy memories between mother and son.

Instead, he forces a smile and turns to the art teacher. Leaving Till like this is a complete betrayal, and Ivan is helpless to do anything about it. "Can I have permission to use the restroom?"

Ivan doesn't hear what she says. He thinks it might be English. Maybe. He doesn't even look back, just leaves the room as soon as he's certain he won't be followed. There is a non zero chance his balls will explode if he doesn't cum right now, and he'd really rather not traumatize Till.

And that's how Ivan finds himself in the faculty restroom down the hall, door locked as he holds the hem of his shirt between his teeth and furiously pumps his hard cock. It's dry and uncomfortable, but he's so turned on that he can't bring himself to care.

Reverently, Ivan brings a finger to the spot Till wiped with his spit. He's aware that he probably looks insane, eyes wide around a giddy, perverted smile, but he can't help himself. Till touched him with his *saliva*. Till cared enough to clean him. He's so unbearably sweet, so kind and oblivious, grooming Ivan the way a cat would.

Ivan is producing a frankly concerning amount of precum at this point. The glide of his palm is slick, and crude wet noises echo through the empty restroom.

Till's hand would look so good curled around Ivan's cock, his slim fingers struggling to meet around the sheer girth. His chipped, black nail polish shiny with Ivan's precum, glistening in the fluorescent light.

And Till's *expression*. Peevish, annoyed, like jerking Ivan off is a chore and he'd rather be doing anything else. He'd be so bitchy about it too, complaining even as he services Ivan like the good boy he is.

When are you going to cum? Till would huff, glaring up at Ivan from the floor. *My wrist is starting to hurt. Do all jocks have your freakish stamina, or are you a different breed? Don't answer that.*

And Ivan wouldn't. Not willingly, at least. He'd stave off his own orgasm to ensure Till's hand is on his penis for as long as possible. Maybe he would tease Till, bully him just a bit because it'll make the praise Ivan eventually spills all the more sweeter. *I don't know, Till. It usually doesn't take me this long.*

Till would, of course, get upset, but he wouldn't stop jerking Ivan off. He's so stubborn, and he never knows when to quit. He'd avert his gaze, embarrassed by his apparently poor technique and performance, oblivious to the fact that Ivan could orgasm just from staring at his face if he really wanted.

Petulant and insecure, Till would finally blurt, *Can you please just cum already? I'm... really trying here.*

It would take everything Ivan has to stop himself from bursting right then and there. Panting and no longer able to play games anymore, Ivan would ask, *Where do you want it?*

And Till, beautiful, wonderful, perfect Till, would finally gaze up at him with those shiny teal eyes, the color starkly contrasting with his dark makeup, cheeks pink as he'd mumble, suddenly meek, *On my face. Please. Make me yours.*

Till would never say that. But this is Ivan's fantasy, and he can make Till as cute and needy and pathetic as he wants.

Ivan finally cums with a shaky groan, and he barely remembers to cover the head of his cock with his palm to contain the mess. In his mind, he imagines ejaculating all over Till's face.

Creamy and warm semen sticking to Till's eyelashes, clumping them together. Dripping down his cheeks to his pink lips as Ivan milks the last few spurts from his cock. Making sure every last drop lands on Till's perfect face.

Good boy, Ivan would murmur warmly after it's over, rubbing the head of his cock against Till's cheek to smear the tacky cum across his skin. Till would shudder from the praise, and his pink tongue would dart out to lap up Ivan's semen, like he's itching for a taste.

Unfortunately, Till will never see Ivan that way. It's a simple fact of life.

Ivan stares at his reflection while he washes his hands. Class has most likely ended at this point, and Till has no doubt bolted from the school the moment the bell rang. A shame. Ivan would have liked to drive him home, but he has other things to take care of right now.

Till will never know how often Ivan cleans up his messes. He works after school, charming everyone who witnessed the ceramics incident, until he's sure no one will be spreading any unsavory rumors about them.

By the time Ivan is finished, Io texts him that she'll be working late, and she encourages him to grab a bite to eat with Till. Ivan isn't a fan of fish, but Till is, and sushi is the only tried and true way to lure him out of his room, so Ivan will eat a few token bites and go hungry tonight.

But it'll make Till happy. And really, that's all that matters.

End Notes

what ivan did in the restroom is no longer up to interpretation

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